

# BOZART

*and*

## Contemporary Verse

*Combining JAPM and The Oracle*

Founded by ERNEST HARTSOCK

JULY-AUGUST, 1933

And yet shall Love himself be heard,  
Though long deferred, though long deferred;  
O'er the modern waste a dove hath whirred:  
Music is Love in search of a word.

—LANIER

# B O Z A R T

and

## Contemporary Verse

### Combining JAPM and The Oracle

Founded by ERNEST HARTSOCK

*Published six times a year at Oglethorpe University, Georgia.*

WIGHTMAN F. MELTON, PH.D. . . . . Editor

OGLETHORPE UNIVERSITY PRESS . . . . . Publisher

Vol. VI.

JULY-AUGUST, 1933

No. 6

### Prizes Offered

"In memory of Ernest Hartsock," donated by Cora Smith Gould—a \$25.00 prize for the best poem in each issue of BOZART AND CONTEMPORARY VERSE, to be awarded by ballot—provided elsewhere in this magazine.

ABBY CRAWFORD MILTON offers a cash prize of \$25.00, "*The Sidney Lanier Poetry Prize*," for the best poem on a tree—or trees—published in BOZART AND CONTEMPORARY VERSE during the calendar year 1933. The judges to be nationally known poets.

MRS. WILLAFORD R. LEACH offers a cash prize of \$10.00, "*The Collegiate Poetry Prize*," for the best poem—of not over 32 lines—by a college student, to be published in this magazine during the calendar year 1933. Judges will be well known poets and teachers of poetry.

AGNES COCHRAN BRAMLETT offers a cash prize—\$5.00 in Gold—for the best sonnet appearing in this magazine during 1933. (The donor will be the judge).

EDITH TATUM will present a copy of her "Patteran" to the author of the best poem appearing in this issue of BOZART AND CONTEMPORARY VERSE—she to be the judge.

GOLDIE CAPERS SMITH offers an autographed copy of her "Sword of Laughter" for the best poem on a Biblical theme published in this magazine during 1933—she to be the judge.

KATHLEEN SUTTON will present a copy of her "Masquerade" to the author of the best poem appearing in each of the next three issues of this magazine—she to be the judge.

HELEN HARRIET SALLS offers a copy of her "Pensive Citadels" for the best poem by an undergraduate in a Southern College, to be published in this magazine during the calendar year 1933—she to be judge.

### CONTENTS, JULY-AUGUST, 1933

TO THOR AT NIGHT, <i>Grace Butler</i> . . . . .	31
MACROCOSM, <i>Florence Bowen Hult</i> . . . . .	31
DEAD TREE, <i>Robert L. Dark, Jr.</i> . . . .	31
QUESTION, <i>Paul Stough</i> . . . . .	31
VISITING THE MAKERS WITH BEN MUSSER . . . . .	34
PRIZES . . . . .	40

# Contents, July-August, 1933

THE EDITOR'S SALON . . . . .	2
THIS WORLD . . . . .	3
WHITE HANDS, <i>Edith Tatum</i> . . . . .	4
MY LOVE FOR YOU, <i>Helen Claiborne</i> . . . . .	5
THE PEA-PICKERS, <i>Geoffrey Johnson</i> . . . . .	6
IF I COULD SING, <i>Alice M. Dugan</i> . . . . .	7
THREE SHRINES, <i>J. Clyde Keegan</i> . . . . .	8
A PACIFIST DREAMS, <i>Emmett Baldwin</i> . . . . .	8
AT THE TURN OF THE TIDE, <i>Nathan Haskell Dole</i> . . . . .	9
GREATNESS, <i>Edgar Palmer</i> . . . . .	9
IMMORTALS, <i>Marguerite Steffan</i> . . . . .	10
HOW BRAVE A PILGRIM, <i>Frances Warner Stockley</i> . . . . .	10
THE HEART REMEMBERS, <i>Julia Baggette</i> . . . . .	11
MY HOUSE, <i>Madeleine F. Birch</i> . . . . .	11
WHEN LOVE GROWS STRONGER, <i>Wightman F. Melton</i> . . . . .	12
OF PRIDE, <i>Beulah Allyne Bell</i> . . . . .	13
TWO ON THE SHORE, <i>Ralph Cheney</i> . . . . .	14
ARMOUR, <i>Jessie Harrison Lane</i> . . . . .	14
GIFTS, <i>Owen R. Washburn</i> . . . . .	15
IN SEARCH OF A DREAM, <i>Shirley Dillon Waite</i> . . . . .	16
ROSAMUND, <i>Zoe Kincaid Brockman</i> . . . . .	16
FINAL BEAUTY, <i>Clarence L. Haynie</i> . . . . .	17
SANFIDDLERS, <i>Dorothy Callaway</i> . . . . .	17
SONNET, <i>Gretchen Ruediger</i> . . . . .	18
FOR PROMETHEUS, <i>Sara Henderson Hay</i> . . . . .	18
MOONLIGHT IN THE CUMBERLANDS, <i>Jessie Wilmore Murton</i> . . . . .	19
MOUNTAIN CHILD, <i>M. E. Counselman</i> . . . . .	19
CINQUAIN, <i>Willian Allen Ward</i> . . . . .	19
THE SONG OF THE WEST, <i>Albert S. Davis, Jr.</i> . . . . .	20
HEIR APPARENT, <i>Willodine Crranford</i> . . . . .	20
THE WIND ON THE SAVANNAH, <i>Beulah May</i> . . . . .	21
BIRCH, <i>Lorna Lisa Klein</i> . . . . .	21
IN MY GARDEN, <i>Alma L. Gray</i> . . . . .	22
SUNSET AT SEA, <i>J. Horace Losh</i> . . . . .	22
AGAINST A DESERT SKY, <i>Gertie Stewart Phillips</i> . . . . .	23
LUNAR GODDESS, <i>Pauline Stevens</i> . . . . .	23
WIND ACROSS THE HEAVENS, <i>Bonaro Wilkinson Overstreet</i> . . . . .	24
TEARS, <i>Cora Smith Gould</i> . . . . .	24
SHIELD AND BUCKLER, <i>Sara Virginia Buckley</i> . . . . .	24
MY HOME, <i>Edwin Carlile Litsey</i> . . . . .	25
SPORTIVE FLAMES, <i>Lillian M. Pierce</i> . . . . .	25
MASTERPIECE, <i>Claire Aven Thomson</i> . . . . .	25
TO THE ANALYST, <i>W. R. Van Buskirk</i> . . . . .	26
MIRACLE, <i>James W. Owen</i> . . . . .	26
VALUES, <i>Eunice Creager</i> . . . . .	26
HEXADUADS, <i>Gee Kaye</i> . . . . .	27
LONELINESS, <i>Hazel McBride</i> . . . . .	27
YOUTH, <i>Stella Roberts Baker</i> . . . . .	28
DEFENCE, <i>Mary Walter Green</i> . . . . .	28
TREES, <i>Ella Warner Fisher</i> . . . . .	28
WE'D BE LONELY WITHOUT TREES, <i>Emma Settles</i> . . . . .	29
TO THE PINE TREE, <i>Myrta Fenton</i> . . . . .	30
BREVITY, <i>Pearle R. Casey</i> . . . . .	30

(See inside front cover)

---

COPYRIGHT 1933 BY THE OGLETHORPE PRESS

Entered as second class matter, November 1930, at the Post Office at Oglethorpe University, Ga., under the Act of Congress of Mar. 3, 1879.



## The Editor's Solon

Recently a circular came out announcing THE SPINNERS, "the only magazine of its kind," the first issue of which will appear with the September-October number. The announcement begins by quoting the New York Sun, as follows:

"Why are there so few names of women in the roster of great poets? Max Eastman challenges Edith Sitwell's statement that 'Women poets are faced with even more difficulties than are men poets, since technique is very largely a matter of physique.' Mr. Eastman comments: 'Women are not in any fundamental sense lacking in physique. What they lack is tenacity of ambition. They do not care enough about being great poets'."

Continuing, the circular says: "Benjamin Musser, the distinguished poet and critic, once asserted: "... women of any age trying to make you believe women can be poets—in two years not ten real poems by women have come my way." (It is hardly fair to Ben Musser to quote what he "once asserted," without giving him an opportunity to express his present opinion.)

To proceed: "THE SPINNERS accepts the challenge flung by Messrs. Eastman and Musser. It will bear the burden of proof, and publish only the poetry of women writers . . ."

This circular should bear the same date as "The Princess," by Alfred Lord Tennyson. We have outgrown the nomenclature: poet-poetess, actor-actress. THE SPINNERS. Spinners of poetic yarns? Why not THE SPINSTERS, huddled around some petticoated versifier to keep the male creatures away while she shrieks her piece? A sort of acknowledgement of inferiority.

Poetry is the song or the sigh of the soul, and the soul wears neither breeches, skirts, triangles nor rectangles.

If Eastman and Musser have "flung a challenge"—strong words, those—as THE SPINNERS circular announces, let the

(Continued on page 32)

## This World

This old world we're livin' in  
Is mighty hard to beat,  
You get a thorn with Every rose,  
But ain't the roses sweet!  
Frank L. Stanton.

---

Courtesy of VERSECRAFT

According to the dear, lamented Frank L. Stanton, Jr., this is the original form of his father's famous quatrain. It is evident that Mr. Stanton pronounced "we're" as two syllables. Mr. Stanton's daughter, Marcelle (Mrs. Percy A. Megahie) has an autograph copy of the poem, giving a first-line variant: "This world that we are livin' in;" but, nowhere, have we been able to find, in Mr. Stanton's handwriting, the first line as it is now often quoted: "This world that we're a-livin' in." Frank, Jr., was quite sure that his father's affection for the universe is expressed in the original first line: "This old world we're livin' in."

## White Hands

Penelope, patient and very wise,  
Had learned to hide her thoughts. With shadowed eyes,  
Her slender hands, the fingers tapering  
And white, wove threads whose colors seemed to bring  
Together into strange designs, the dreams  
That crowded through her heart . . . Here were the gleams  
Of sunset hues, those times when she was young,  
And silvered nights when Ulysses had sung  
To her upon his lyre songs of deep love  
That echoed still within her soul . . . A dove  
Spread wings across this space of heaven-blue,  
The dove, her spirit pure as dawn's first dew,  
The sky, a robe she wore upon a day  
When he had said that she was fair . . . So gay  
Her hours then. Now sadness filled  
Her heart with unshed tears. Nothing had stilled  
The longing that she felt for his return.  
And yet, she was afraid to lightly spurn  
Lovers who claimed the hands so slim and white  
That wove by day and ravelled out by night.

Ulysses, in Aecea, sought repose  
Within the arms of Circe . . . Like a rose  
Rich-red, full blown, she was. Against her breast,  
Fragrant and soft, he found he could not rest.  
He dreamed continually of graceful hands,  
With coral tipped, weaving gay-colored strands,  
Within a cloistered garden still and cool,  
Where pale, sweet lilies clustered round a pool  
To see themselves reflected in its face.  
He felt again Penelope's embrace—  
Serened and calm, so full of soothing peace . . .  
He stirred in Circe's arms, achieved release,  
And then awakening, he became aware  
That all his thoughts were tangled in a snare . . .  
When it had seemed his love for home was dead,  
He was drawn back by white hands and bright thread.

*Alabama*

—EDITH TATUM



## My Love for You

### I

"O changeful . . . yet unchanging . . . Love!"

My love for you is not a transient thing;  
It may be restless, like the moiling sea  
That yearns upon the shore incessantly;  
Or fitful, like disturbing winds that bring  
The dark of winter to the bright of spring;  
Or venturesome—a bird that leaves the tree,  
Voluting through new heights of ecstasy  
To cleave the zenith with exuberant wing.

My love would give you quietness and rest,  
But it has spurred you into fearful strife;  
My love for you would hold you on my breast;  
It sends you out to take new blows from life.  
It goes to Heaven in a constant prayer  
That waits before God's throne to bless you there.

### II

"Hang there my soul, till the tree die!"

Give me one lovely love, and let her be  
Like a perfect rose upon a sturdy stem;  
A blossom which no malice may contemn,  
Distilling sweetness for Eternity;  
My love, my soul, my self, upon one tree;  
One crimson flower, like a glowing gem  
That stands alone upon a diadem,  
And shines on others while it blesses me.

What do I care for little saucy posies  
That cluster thickly on a wanton vine?  
Give me one love, one queen of all the roses,  
And if such love, such purity be mine,  
Then I will prove to her when this life closes  
That human love may grow to the divine.

## The Pea-Pickers

The dawn is wide and bright, the hilly field  
Converges in as noble curve of sky;  
Nothing of nature's bounty is concealed  
Wet poppies flash like rubies rained from high  
Into the pea-crop's limpid ocean-greenness.  
The wildrose-ways are miracles of cleanness,  
Are heavens of healing to the wearied eye—

Are heaven to fifty unemployed or more  
Whose column straggles to the hill-top cloud:  
Men, women toil and sing as never before,  
Surprised almost that rapture is allowed  
To daily tasks; but rapture unmistaken  
Flows with the sun through shirt and blouse wind-shaken;  
With long-lost riches they are re-endowed.

They have come home. They stoop and find the threads  
To happiness once dreamed, but sore denied  
Through grimy years in factories, mines and sheds,  
And hammered from them by the clang and gride  
Of wheel and piston, by the rhythm satanic  
Of Profit's bleak machine, whose limbs titanic  
Cranked down upon them from a throne enskied.

They have come home. The greatest insult known,  
The dole for men who simply asked for toil,  
Is here forgotten, and what cities own  
Of sorry bribes to lure them from the soil:  
The brainless films and tawdry public-houses,  
The racing news and tinsel hope it rouses,  
And all the wretched sops for souls they spoil.

O men, my brothers, torn from every shire,  
Footsore with wandering, worn with heart's despair,  
Long may you linger in the cleansing fire  
And rediscover what should be your share,  
Pure happiness in labour, the spirit singing  
For joy of healthy body, beauty winging  
At frequent intervals through shining air.



The dawn is on the hills, and in your mind.  
The light and distance purge defect from you;  
Almost like other poppies on the wind  
Your bodies waver, and drink the gold and blue—  
Nor are your children, heart to heart with Nature,  
Breast-brimmed with light, heroical of stature,  
A vision too romantic to be true.

*England*

—GEOFFREY JOHNSON

## If I Could Sing

If I could sing,  
High on the Dunes  
Under the spangled night,  
Watching the shooting stars,  
And crying, money, money, money  
That we may be rich for one day.

If I could sing,  
Round the crackling fire,  
Scented of Sassafras,  
Watching the tragic moths,  
In their unerring flight,  
To certain death.

If I could sing,  
Bare knees to the cozy warmth  
Tanned faces and gay bandanas  
Young throats upturned,  
Singing in careless abandon  
Their love of life.

If I could sing,  
Our good old college songs,  
And sway to the "Old Canoe"  
Shouting the Navy Ballads,  
And chanting in sombre tones,  
The churchly Doxology.

But I am a mute.

*Illinois*

—ALICE M. DUGAN

## Three Shrines

Three shrines stand on the high-way of life,  
 Yesterday, Today and Tomorrow.  
 At the shrine of Yesterday vast hordes  
 bow down in obeisance to a dead past;  
 At the shrine of Tomorrow, still greater  
 numbers worship a magic future;  
 At the shrine of Today, a lone traveller  
 pauses, nods, moves on—the genius.

*Colorado*

—J. CLYDE KEEGAN

## A Pacifist Dreams

What I would do today in sorrow,  
 God and Time will do tomorrow.

All mundane creed and motley race  
 Shall blend in single populace;

Cathedraled scribes shall halt their search  
 For God in one enlightened Church;

The patriot shall love the earth  
 And not his bounded spot of birth.

No foreign tongue shall lash the land  
 To war when victims understand

Flag-hidden greed—the antiphon  
 Behind the drum that spurs them on.

The heart of Man shall be the shrine  
 Of Beauty—not a poet's line.

And Love and Truth and Peace shall be  
 Mankind's immortal destiny.

What I would do today in sorrow,  
 God and Time will do tomorrow.

*Massachusetts*

—EMMETT BALDWIN

## At the Turn of the Tide

(Pochade)

The tide has turned;  
the sunken rock off Lobster Point  
still shows its purple sea-weed tresses.

On the wide curving beach below my window  
each wave advances a little farther  
along the gleaming sands,  
leaving a cryptic inscription in creamy foam  
soon to be effaced and rewritten:  
they are like the boastings of Sassanian Kings:—

*Hither I came and conquered  
and laid waste these lands!*

Each refluxent wave meets its successor,  
and where they join  
a white crest  
like a heron's feather  
runs dazzlingly for many a rod.

They seem like living creatures on the shore—  
serpents or dragons of the Deep:  
innumerable multitudes are there.

I never tire of watching them,  
so swift, so full of life, so full of grace are they!  
I hear their musical voices as they play!  
they are immortal, like the waves themselves:

they will be here when I am here no more!

*New York*

—NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

## —Greatness—

Each man has greatness in his very grasp,  
Not greatness marked by plaudits of the herd,  
But something finer—something that endures—  
His own salvation, wrought by deed, and word.

*Illinois*

—EDGAR PALMER



## Immortals

It leaves me cold to hear of saints who kneel  
Around the great white throne; but I can feel  
A man, long dead, reach forward, mind to mind,  
And grip me, from a page; and I still find  
Dead dreamers' visions lifting joyous wings  
On canvas and in stone; and hear rapt strings  
Exult in rhythms of a heart long stilled,  
Yet cheating death, that my dumb need be filled.

Though none be called to answer to the roll  
Up yonder—I inscribe upon my scroll  
The names of ghosts who still fling wide the portals  
Of flesh-bound souls: These are the true Immortals.

*Georgia*

—MARGUERITE STEFFAN

## How Brave a Pilgrim

How brave a pilgrim is the foolish heart  
Taking the ancient roads in wind and rain,  
Forever innocent of any chart  
But driving need, insistent as is pain.  
How staunch the heart's denial that release  
Is transient or that banners may be furled  
Or that its lack may know a lasting peace  
Not upon any bosom in the world.

A sober Sancho Panza, common sense,  
Would check the goading dreams but all in vain;  
Still keeps the heart its lovely insolence,  
Still rides an aging knight the roads of Spain  
Until at last death pities his confusion  
And heals with endless sleep the high delusion.

*Virginia*

—FRANCES WARNER STOAKLEY

## The Heart Remembers

("The heart remembers though the mind forgets.")

The mind knows much;  
It learns laboriously.  
Figure on figure and fact on fact  
It catalogues and stacks away.

The heart knows little,  
And never has to learn.  
It knows the flaming touch of lovers' hands,  
The pink sweet grace of baby feet,  
The poignant wonder of the red-bud tree,  
Or blue pale hyacinths of the spring;  
But oh, the heart—it knows that little well,  
And never, never, never will forget!

*Oklahoma*

—JULIA BAGGETTE

## My House

I cannot dance your dance for you,  
I cannot stay your fears—  
But I will point out my house to you  
It's there . . . beyond the years.  
It's there . . . across that bridge of sighs,  
It's over that tall hill,  
A cloud now hides it from your eyes  
Yet I can see it still.  
I know it's there . . . beyond despair;  
It's there . . . above that gloom  
And in it, dear, there will appear  
For you, a tiny room.

I take you with me time and time  
Nor ask you, Yea or Nay,  
Some call it dream, or fancy—  
Make-believing for a day.  
Or call it what you will, dear,  
But if Time should bring you tears  
Remember . . . there's a room for you  
In my House Beyond the Years.

*Massachusetts*

—MADELEINE F. BIRCH

## When Love Grows Stronger

(1917-1918)

### I

I wandered along by the margin of thought,  
In the grim twilight of a sultry night,  
When something said, "The God is dead!"

Rigid as wood, or stone, I stood  
Alone, alone in a curdled world!

Down plunged an eagle, feathers furled,  
Out of a blood-red quivering sky—  
Uttered a pitiful, piercing cry!

Dizzy, the moon shot past the sun  
Over a trembling horizon!

Quaking, the earth rocked to and fro,  
Watching the mad stars come and go!

Fled the winds; and soon, thereafter,  
Out of hell came gurgling laughter:

"Birthmarks of blood shall stain the brow  
Of future sons forlorn;  
And out of virgins' eyes shall look  
Souls never to be born.

"Gray dogs shall howl in Flanders, while  
The foe-ghosts stalk the wood,  
And cry, 'What of your boasted Heaven,  
When only Hell is good'?"

"Lagoons of blood in Belgium,  
And silent English eyes,  
And broken songs in Germany  
Declare who rules the skies.

"The young men fall in Italy,  
In Russia and in France!  
Now, let enfeebled folk begin  
The pale years to advance!"



## II

Thundered the ocean, leagues away,  
"He ever liveth! Why this dismay?"

Then, Something said, "The wars shall cease,  
And over the whole wide world shall peace

Then reign forever; and cloudy years  
Shall pass. No more shall tears

Bedim red, rolling eyes that must,  
Unsatisfied, go down to dust."

Twinkled the stars, and a mother bird  
Uttered a lullaby chirp—scarce heard.

Rippled a meadow-brook, soft and low,  
And a still Voice answered, "Even so, it is so."

*Georgia*

—WIGHTMAN F. MELTON

## Of Pride

Once I was proud,  
Too proud to give away  
This that I am today.  
Fate laughed aloud.

Then I was prouder  
To offer you your meed,  
So well I learned **my** creed.  
Fate laughed louder.

Low is my pride,  
Dust to your flying feet.  
Hollow, the print they beat.  
Fate, roll aside!

Naked I stand,  
Shedding all pride but love's,  
Waiting the unknown moves  
Within Fate's hand.

*Ohio*

—BEULAH ALLYNE BELL

## Two on the Shore

Now ocean gulps that fiery whale, the sun,  
 Whose life-blood stains the rug on heaven's floors.  
 So every beauty that my heart adores  
 Is tinged by you, all beauty being one.  
 Without you near, the sunset tints are dun.  
 But with you close, the waves on nearest shores  
 Are love's own serenading troubadours . . .  
 No shores may hem the spirit-tides begun.

How poor, ungrateful, is my love for you  
 If I but count your charms as misers gold  
 Or monks each holy bead, too peace-beguiled,  
 As passion should enlarge, not narrow, view.  
 As we embrace, then let us tightly hold  
 The world itself as though it were our child.

*Pennsylvania*

—RALPH CHEYNEY

## Armour

Laughter is brave and Song a shield  
 For those who count it shame to yield.  
 On our Field of the Cloth of Gold  
 Crests are bright but iron is cold—  
 Spears that quiver in the heart  
 Rend the shrinking soul apart;  
 Hold for shield a soaring Song  
 Against the arrows of the throng  
 Massed before our battlements,  
 Lunging through our silken tents.  
 Laughter is a flag to fly  
 Scarlet, mad, upon the sky;  
 While it ripples, who shall say  
 Our wounded gave the fight away?  
 Laughter is brave and Song a shield  
 For those who count it shame to yield.

*Nebraska*

—JESSIE HARRISON LANE

## Gifts

I send the blossoms that the golden bee  
Woody till the dusk, when starlight called it home:  
I send the silver glimmer of the moon to thee  
And breezes soft that through June gardens roam:  
I send tall violets that share the sky  
And stately iris that cool springs sustain;  
Fair lilies, tiger-hearted, waving high,  
And sound of grasses singing after rain.

I send triumphant art: the golden domes  
Of capitols outlasting troubled years,  
Horizon lines at dawn on seas that foam  
And lover's sleep, our recompense for tears.  
I send the hush of moments of great peace,  
The solemn silence great cathedrals bear,  
The gladness of the birds as shadows cease  
The thrill of trees of April made aware.

I send green laurel that defies the snow:  
Young flaming maples wooed by wanton Spring;  
Loose wreaths of roses white, that crimson grow  
At touch of lovers, softly murmuring.  
Fond ivy, too, that clasped the heedless wall:  
Witchhazel, that gives winter all her flowers:  
Music from harps of wind-swept cedars tall  
With sound of chimes from far-off, slender towers.

So I send gifts, like sprays from orchards torn  
Too hastily, that you, perchance, may see  
That what I give I in my heart have borne  
And find in you myself, eternally.  
My giving binds me that I be more free:  
Your gift would free me to be closer bound  
To that which sovereign Beauty makes in thee  
To be my grace, that power in me be found.



## In Search of a Dream

I can walk this road with my sad eyes hidden  
For my heart will show me the way unbidden.

I know I shall find at the bend ahead  
Cool shade of a bridge like a hand outspread.

Inviting the traveler passing this way  
To linger awhile in the heat of day.

Old men who are bowed with the weight of years  
Have shown me with pride how the hand-hewn piers  
And hand-hewn timbers have weathered the blast  
To stand as a legacy out of the past.

But more to my liking is the trampled ford,  
Or moss-covered foot-log where water has poured

In leaf-shadowed pools with a muted sound,  
And worn the stepping-stones smooth and round . . .

For I am a dreamer in search of a dream  
That I buried once in the heart of a stream.

*Alabama*

—SHIRLEY DILLON WAITE

## Rosamund

Rosamund is dead—and she  
Held the lamp of life for me,  
Made the skies blue, flowers bright,  
Lighted all the stars at night,  
Her rhymed footfall in the street  
Was a lyric, golden beat,  
And her laughter, on the breeze,  
Music of the Pleiades.  
She, to dawning's amber cup,  
Lifted eager fingers up,  
Made the twilight's purple hymn  
Rhythmic as the cherubim.

Rosamund is dead—and, oh!  
What a stillness here below.

*North Carolina*

—ZOE KINCAID BROCKMAN

## Final Beauty

When I who seek the rain-bow's misty end,  
 To grasp the horde of beauty it reveals,  
 Approach the joyous path-way's final bend,  
 Impatient for the rapture it conceals . . .  
 Restrain your tears and requiem of sorrow,  
 As death out-stretches friendly arms to mine;  
 Because this darknes leads to God's tomorrow,  
 Where ages merge into an ageless shrine.

Let tranquil music strummed by April showers,  
 And forest murmurs, soft and lyrical,  
 Combined with fragrance breathed by lovely flowers,  
 Assist in nature's endless miracle . . .  
 Who seeks for beauty in each mortal breath,  
 Shall find unequalled splendor after death.

*Georgia*

—CLARENCE L. HAYNIE

## Sandfiddlers

We stood at sundown where the sea  
 Forever overlaps the sand;  
 Through windy wastes I still can see  
 Sandfiddlers darting crazily,  
 And feel my throat throb ceaselessly  
 Against my pressing hand.

That hour of curling waves tipped white,  
 Of hungry wind enfolding me,  
 Sandfiddlers scurrying from the night,  
 And words between us, sharp and light,  
 And laughter—making nothing right—  
 Lies buried in the sea.

And so I walk along the bay  
 Where meet the sky and sea and land,  
 And no one knows, nor can I say  
 Why I should laugh this breathless way,  
 Except—sandfiddlers look so gay  
 And windblown on the sand.

*Texas*

—DOROTHY CALLAWAY

## Sonnet

On such a night as this, the sinister moon  
 Glimmers among the racing clouds, and throws  
 Strange whirling patterns on the ordered rows  
 Of cypress by the walk. The cedars croon  
 In their weird monotone a chant-like tune.  
 Down the bright lane the raving west wind goes,  
 Brushes the white matilija, and blows  
 A storm of petals from the flowers too soon.

On such a night as this, I fasten tight  
 The flame-bright curtain, bolt the heavy door,  
 And try to hold my mind to earthly things,  
 While in the wind the sound of voices rings,  
 And half-forgotten faces press once more  
 In from the maddened beauty of the night.

*California*

—GRETCHEN RUEDIGER

## For Prometheus

More generous than wise  
 To dare Olympian ire,  
 And pilfer from the skies  
 A brand of heavenly fire.

Prometheus, brave lad,  
 Outstretched upon the stone,  
 That which the Gods forbade,  
 You should have left alone!

Look from the rock, and see  
 Among those mortal folk  
 For whom Jove's stern decree  
 So recklessly you broke.

One maid who had preferred  
 Eternities of ice,  
 To such a debt incurred,  
 And flame at such a price!

*Alabama*

—SARA HENDERSON HAY



## Moonlight in the Cumberlands

Only this silence! With the silver rain  
 Of moonlight beating on each crag and knoll,  
 Beating the measure of a past refrain  
 To muted thunder in the mind and soul,  
 Filling the throat with hot and choking pain!

Child of the mountains, if you would be free,  
 Free of the hills, gray-cragged and ruddy-riven,  
 Free of the valleys, steeped in alchemy  
 Of this white sheen—if your soul would be shriven  
 And left unfettered of nativity—

Go never through the mountains when the blue  
 Of midnight broods, when every breathless tree  
 Drips with moon-molten silver . . . if you do  
 Some sudden avalanche of memory  
 And tangled radiance will bury you!

*Michigan*

—JESSIE WILMORE MURTON

## Mountain Child

I am a mountain child—my very mood  
 Looks from the cloudy peaks, with stars for eyes;  
 And on the summit briefly having stood,  
 Falls to the far black rocks below . . . and dies.

Never for me monotony of plain!  
 Oh, never street or swamp or pebbled shoal!  
 Give me the heights . . . and depths . . . and heights again!  
 Mine is a mountain soul.

*Alabama*

—M. E. COUNSELMAN

## Cinquain

Twilight  
 Is a priestess  
 Who walks across the hills  
 Lighting stars before the altar  
 Of night.

*Texas*

—WILLIAM ALLEN WARD

## The Song of the West

Beyond the gates of Hercules, beyond the swinging surge,  
We seek the isles of happiness, some curving golden shore.  
The red sun calls us onward with an ever-quickenning urge—  
Beyond the earth's far edge there must be battles left in store.

We seek the ivory-pillared halls, the mighty marble aisles,  
We seek the utmost chambers where the days themselves descend,

We seek the palace roofed with space and paved with ocean  
tiles—

On us the call is come to know the wonder of the end.

*Maine—New Jersey*

—ALBERT S. DAVIS, Jr.

## Heir Apparent

FATHER, do I have to see  
Everything as poetry?  
Rain becomes a trembling screen  
Latticed with a silver sheen.  
Moonlight like a samite shawl  
Holding beauty as a thrall  
Drops from heaven to blot away  
Actualities of day.  
Must there always be for me  
Throbbing soft and tenderly  
Through the noisy city streets  
After-pulse of lyric beats?  
There are those content with gain  
Who have never felt this pain,  
Who have never understood  
Dawnlight through a fresh-leafed wood.  
Is Your testament for me  
This perennial agony?  
But I bend in gratitude  
For each rhythmic interlude,  
For the magic anguished flow  
That Your gift has made me know.  
Proof of Your paternity,  
This recurrent legacy!

*Alabama*

—WILLODINE CRANFORD

## The Wind on the Savannah

The buccaneers are fast asleep beneath the ocean's swell,  
 And those that hang on Tyburn tree, they rest them very well;  
 But rainy nights and stormy nights with few stars overhead,  
 The wind on the savannah blows enough to raise the dead

The schooners cast upon a reef sank once without a sound,  
 And bandits sheared with cutlass blows are hidden under-  
     ground,

Ye hark the hooves go clattering and hear the rider groan,  
 But man and beast against the sky are only crazy bone.

The air is full of whirling wraiths that furiously drive,  
 I would not venture out-of-doors to save my soul alive;  
 For rainy night and stormy nights with few stars overhead,  
 The wind on the savannah blows enough to raise the dead.

*California*

—BEULAH MAY

## Birch

I stood  
 in a glen  
 and looked on Beauty:

O silver birch,  
 branches of silver,  
 your beauty  
 is blinding . . .  
 gilded, welded,  
 and banded in brightness,  
 your silver  
 I drink . . .

O birch,  
 there is none  
 With your beauty,  
 None with your cool silver;  
 O silver,  
 I am blind:  
 mortals should not  
 Look on the beauty  
 Of a birch.

*Missouri*

—LORNA LISA KLEIN

## In My Garden

When good Saint Francis feeds his flock  
 Beside my garden wall,  
 The marigold and four o'clock  
 Stand tiptoe at his call;  
 The sparrows from the city street,  
 The vireos and jays  
 Hold sweet communion at his feet  
 And chant their reverent praise.

When good Saint Francis feeds his birds  
 Above my flowering hedge,  
 The sunlight falls like sacred words  
 Upon the marble ledge,  
 While from his niche the sculptured priest  
 With confidence unflawed  
 Bids me, too, share the holy feast,  
 The gardened Go-with-God.

*Ohio*

—ALMA L. GRAY

## Sunset at Sea

With crimson flame  
 The dying sun,  
 Disputes the night  
 When day is done.

Blue petaled waves  
 Are tipped with foam,  
 When white sails lean  
 The journey home.

Upon the wing  
 A lonely gull,  
 In constant flight  
 Curves beautiful.

Until his voice  
 A phantom cry,  
 Is lost within  
 The purple sky.

*New York*

—J. HORACE LOSH



## Against a Desert Sky

When thinking of the desert  
There never comes to me  
Its glittering sandy reaches  
Or moon-white witchery,  
Nor does my mind envision  
The crawling camel train  
With metal bells quick tinkling  
Like sound of silver rain;—  
The silent panorama  
Of pyramid and sphinx,  
Not mirage of shining cities  
With pools where beauty drinks.

But when my mind goes questing  
There looms a mountain ledge,  
And like carved stone an Arab  
Erect upon its edge.  
And quickly in my dreaming  
I top the dizzy height  
To stand beside that Bedouin  
And look into the night.  
Strangely I never waken  
Until the stars are gone  
And in their stead the wonder  
Of an Egyptian dawn.

*West Virginia*

—GERTIE STEWART PHILLIPS

## Lunar Goddess

Mist drenched clouds  
Shone in the ivory sun,  
And so like golden shrouds  
They parted the thick spun  
Arras of the afternoon  
Exultantly to ensnare  
The breathless moon,  
Queen of the turquoise air.

*New York*

—PAULINE STEVENS

## Wind Across the Heavens

There was wind across the heavens,  
And within our walls great peace . . .

You were reading to me.  
Candles wedged the twilight of the room;  
My dress glowed crimson in their light;  
Words and candle flame and shimmering silk  
Blended to one quiet harmony  
Against the dark enchantment of life.

There was wind across the heavens,  
And within our walls great peace . . .

*New York*

—BONARO WILKINSON OVERSTREET

## Tears

Tears, tears, that master me at night  
When darkness cloaks the sunny skies  
And grief drives off the angel, Sleep,  
'Tis then that tears steal from my eyes;  
And though they fall, yet Faith holds fast  
To those adrift upon life's sea,  
And when storms sweep across my heart  
Faith throws a life-line out to me;  
Then tears fall not, to sadden thought  
Of those who nobly lived and died,  
Whose spirits whisper to my soul:  
"Heaven and earth are close allied."

*New York*

—CORA SMITH GOULD

## Shield and Buckler

"Now faith is the substance of things hoped for, the evidence  
of things unseen."

Faith, a flame of purest white  
Burns steadily throughout the night;  
A rod and staff—they are enough  
To lean upon when the way is rough

*Washington, D. C.*

—SARA VIRGINIA BUCKLEY

## My Home

This plot of ground and timbers joined are mine.  
 Each petaled blossom and each climbing vine  
 Are miracles of joy,  
 And peace is mine without alloy.  
 Trees lift their arms to pray.  
 Above my roof the tireless swallows sway  
 And chatter.  
 What does it matter  
 My home is humble as a cotter's place?  
 The floor is clean, and rambling roses grace  
 The window ledges seamed by sun and rain,  
 And leafy fingers tap the window pane.  
 I have wherewith to meet my body's need  
 And love sustains my spirit. My plain creed  
 Calls not for wealth and splendor, and my lock  
 Is never turned against a needy knock.

*Kentucky*

—EDWIN CARLILE LITSEY

## Sportive Flames

As the sportive flames leave the coal  
 To flit and frolic with truant gases,  
 Then come again home;  
 So my love flies away on will-o-the-wisps,  
 Evanescent and colorful the brief excursions,—  
 Bootless, meaningless—  
 Only you, home and altar of my love,  
 Give it body, life, everlastingness.  
 Indulge me in my flitting flames,  
 You, the source of all my fire.

*Georgia*

—LILLIAN M. PIERCE

## Masterpiece

He coined a verse to fit his empty pocket  
 With little thought of beauty or of rhyme;  
 Then stood amazed that in his hunger's time  
 It flamed its quick way skyward like a rocket.

*California*

—CLAIRE AVEN THOMSON

## To the Analyst

For half a moment I was very sure  
 I saw a woman peeping through the leaves  
 Of silver sumachs by the garden wall;  
 I saw her rounded arms and yellow sleeves.

Then I reflected that the leaf turns gold  
 Upon the sumach when some summer blight  
 Appears; and that the curving of white boughs  
 May trace a vision that deceives the sight.

*Michigan*

—W. R. VAN BUSKIRK

## Miracle

I drank of the wind and the sky,  
 Of the beauty of flower and tree,  
 The life-urge throbbing high;—  
 It was only water to me.

And water is good—but then  
 You came with a touch divine;  
 It is never the same again—  
 The water is changed to wine.

*Pennsylvania*

—JAMES W. OWEN

## Values

You say I've suffered much  
 By following a star?  
 And that it's indiscreet—  
 My taste for caviar?

Dear friend, I laugh at such  
 Although I wear a scar,  
 Life holds no joy more sweet  
 Than following a star.

*Indiana*

—EUNICE CREAGER



## Hexaduads

### Sea Shell

The shell  
Which fell  
From Neptune's jewel case,  
No jeweller can replace!  
Each mermaid fashioned it a bit . . .  
And infant rainbows live in it . . .  
Then . . . heaven . . . too  
Wove skeins of blue  
Chiffon beneath pearl skin.  
What artist can begin  
To carve such gems?  
. . . God's diadems!

### Romance

Perchance  
Romance  
Is but a patch of moon  
Melted to rust, too soon;  
Or else a dash of ocean spray  
On midnight sands, carried away  
By Eros bold.  
Then—I've been told  
Romance enslaves mankind.  
But I shout! . . . "Are we blind?"  
Sound drums! And fife!  
Romance . . . is . . . LIFE!!

*Massachusetts*

—GEE KAYE

## Loneliness

Alone  
In this wide house  
I see the cold gray rain  
Fall past the window where I watch  
For you.

*Arizona*

—HAZEL MCBRIDE

## Youth

Gay youth runs madly, thrilled to go  
Up life's bright stairs. He fain  
Would take two flights with lilting song  
And stumbling, rise again  
To grasp the banister of day.  
Reviewing here the start,  
He winds up to that Cryptic Lane  
Disguised—a youth at heart.

*New Mexico*

—STELLA ROBERTS BAKER

## Defence

"A clever little verse" you say,  
"How much lucre did it bring?"  
Am I a Tommy Tucker supping  
Only when I sing?

My little songs have better use  
Than is found in any mart—  
They're balm distilled from bitter tears  
To heal a bleeding heart.

If Love and I should meet again  
And lest, defenceless, I should yield,  
I'll make of songs with laughter etched  
A breastplate and a shield.

*Washington*

—MARY WALTER GREEN

## Trees

Trees are the mantle of Divinity  
With which God has been pleased  
To adorn the dwelling places of men;  
They are jewels, and with them  
He has garlanded the face  
Of the mountains  
And draped their ugliness  
In everlasting beauty  
And sublimity!

*Vermont*

—ELLA WARNER FISHER

## We'd Be Lonely Without Trees

Given everything but these  
We'd be lonely without trees:  
*Lonely* for their comeliness,  
*Lonely* for their stateliness;  
In a crowd or standing free  
Theirs is soothing company.

Where are softer carpets spread  
Than where pines their surplus shed?  
Where is strength more manifest  
Than where oaks lift sturdy crest?  
Where more gracefulness implied  
Than elm's branches swaying wide?  
Pushing skyward steadily  
What is finer than a tree?

What would fairies do for bower?  
And where hide in sudden shower?  
What would wildings do for shade,  
Beast or bird or wild flower blade?  
For a moment visualize  
What it means 'neath desert skies:  
Patience, pride and courage free  
All are found in bush or tree.

Gift of love is gift of trees:  
Take it, weigh it as you please:  
In their largess there is wealth,  
Comfort, beauty, rest and health;  
On each one are wind harps strung:  
Ne'er a one but songs hath sung,  
Yea, with everything but these  
We'd be *lonely* without trees;  
*Lonely* for their comeliness,  
*Lonely* for their stateliness,  
In a crowd or standing free  
Theirs is joyous company.

## To the Pine Tree

The elm tree is a matron  
with limbs of flowing grace;

The oak tree is a monarch  
with power in his face;

The willow is a widow  
who weeps for former days;

But the pine tree is a poet  
and offers hymns of praise.

The hawthorn is a miser  
and guards his bits of red;

The maple is a spendthrift  
who scatters seeds instead;

The osage is a mocker  
with worthless fruit held high;

But the pine tree is a pilot  
and points us to the sky.

The wild crab is a Beauty  
the love of all the bees;

The aspen is a maiden  
and courtesies to the breeze;

The apple is a housewife  
whose motto is "To Give";

But, the pine tree is the leader  
who teaches us to live.

*Kansas*

—MYRTA FENTON

## Brevity

A flurry of joy in the aspen trees  
Pure fragrance dissolves into rare symphonies  
Where bird choirs vie with delirious bees,  
Summer at dawn!

Night of high splendor, days of rare gold  
The great heart of nature begins to unfold  
Then, cold rain is falling upon the dark mold,  
Summer is gone!

*Colorado*

—PEARLE R. CASEY



## To Thor at Night

Unleashed,  
He roars through shattered skies  
In the wake of a purpling typhoon,  
A monstrous beast, whose glaring eyes  
Intimidate the moon.

*Georgia*

—GRACE BUTLER

## Macrocosm

among the moveless trees  
distils white silence  
from the wash of sound;  
the ticking pulses of the earth  
dissolve  
in the long rhythm of the stars.

*California*

—FLORENCE BOWEN HULT

## Dead Tree

Over  
There an ebon  
Candelabrum stands filled  
With tapers made of jet in gnarled  
Design.

*Texas*

—ROBERT L. DARK, Jr.

## Question

Little tree,  
Dancing gaily in the wind,  
In your lemon colored gown,  
Won't you tell me  
How I too, may laugh and play,  
Knowing frost will come?

*Alabama*

—PAUL STOUGH

(Continued from page 2)

women meet them in the arena or on the forum, and not huddle themselves in a cloistered corner to make faces at the bad boys. The status of women in poetry is not at all alarming. As the editor of two poetry magazines, during recent years, I have discovered more real poets among women than among men.

\* \* \* \*

In the last issue of this magazine we published a letter from Wilfred J. Funk, Editor of THE LITERARY DIGEST, on the subject of light verse. On this subject Gien Esse, California, says: "I was greatly interested in Dr. Funk's letter, in BOZART, concerning the excessive solemnity of the so-called poetic art; and I quite agree with him that too many modern poets take themselves and everything else too seriously . . . This heaviness and lack of poetic levity characterizes the amateur. All the real poets of the world have laughed at themselves . . . All the immortals, from Halfiz to Heine, glow with a devine levity . . ." Faith Villas, President of the Craftsman Group, New York, agreeing heartily with Dr. Funk, says, in a personal letter: "Poets do take themselves much, MUCH too seriously—Alas! Although few of them take their ART half seriously enough, and there's the rub! You see, as I do, how willing and anxious people are to get published before ever they have an inkling of what it's all about. A painter has to learn how to mix oil and paint, perspective, and when to toss it to the winds. The sculptor and the portrait painter must learn the anatomy of their model—know the bones as well as a surgeon; but the modern versifier comes cavorting over a white sheet of paper with banalities that he would have learned, in his primer if he had had one, to discard; and he resents the idea that poetry is an ART and not a pastime."

Continuing, Faith Vilas says: "Humor is the most delicate and the most reserved phase of the art of both poetry and drama. Slap-stick comedy and cheap doggerel are as easy as can be; but where, today, is there a Gilbert and Sullivan, a Lewis Carroll, or a book of Bab Ballads? Arthur Guiterman is a delight—and if you could have seen his audience at our last Craftsman Dinner, you would have felt more certain than ever that we are hungry for a merry laugh."

\* \* \* \*

There is a type of humor—the unconscious and unintentional—that often satisfies the hunger for a merry laugh. A few years ago some

one submitted a most serious, religious "poem," beginning with the lines:

"At all God's wonders I look and watch:

He made 'em all without a blotch!"

Do you wonder that I almost fell from grace—being a Methodist?

The Lyric is a cry of life. That sounds serious. And if ever there was a deep, heart-felt cry, probably it came from the woman who submitted verses beginning:

"My husband's first wife was a yellow-haired spouse,

And a yellow-haired woman can't come in my house!"

\* \* \* \*

Intentional typographical errors are sometimes funny—but the accidental ones! Oh, for the eye of an eagle, the wisdom of a Solomon, the patience of a Job! Two lines were lost from Walter John Coates' first sonnet, page 4, in the last issue—lines 5 and 6:

"Foresaw of old such hours of mortal doom:

Enraptured saints, foregathering, worldly-wise."

In Marie d'Autremont Gerry's Blue Danube poem, page 15, 2nd stanza, the first line should end with "madness" instead of "gladness."

Nan Davis Breckenridge's Cinquain has the fourth line where the third should be and the third where the fourth should be. In my own "Arbicide," page 22, "tombstone" should be tombstones."

In the last issue a paragraph of Agnes Cochran Bramblett's review of Helen Estelle de Camp's APPLES OF SODOM was crowded out. Here it is: "The author is an artist who chisels with precision and flawless technique, achieving rare beauty and perfection in her art. Her sympathizing audience, sensing the crucifixion of love, yearns to brighten the sky with a star of gladness that will bring—"good out of infinite pain, sight out of blindness, and purity out of a stain," thus cheating Sodom's bitter apple of the "ashes upon the tongue—I wear till death."

\* \* \* \*

## "The Sun Is Drawing Water"

The sun-god, leaning against the west,

Turns his windlass noiselessly,

And fills the sky—'tis manifest—

From deep wells of the sea.

*Georgia*

—WIGHTMAN F. MELTON

# Visiting The Makers

WITH

BEN MUSSER

One might think the poetic horizon filled, with a new E. A. Robinson volume scheduled for the summer, with the suave *Selected Poems of George Edward Woodberry* appearing from Houghton Mifflin presses, with Knopf's publication of unique Walter de la Mare's first volume of new poems in six years (*The Fleeting & Other Poems*). These, however, are but thin segments of the paintbox in the sky. Do not overlook, if only as a gesture to the creator of *A Shropshire Lad*, A. E. Housman's brief prose volume, *The Name and Nature of Poetry* (Macmillan). Far more profound than this, indeed a study to make you scrape your brain, is Herbert Read's *Form in Modern Poetry*, Number II of the "Essays in Order," published by Sheed & Ward, New York, at only \$1.00. Macmillan is presently bringing out *Strange Victory*, a volume containing all the late Sara Teasdale's unpublished poems she wished to have included in a book.

Nor is the verse magazine world moribund, even these summer days. Since I last wrote you, some more babies have been born. *The North Carolina Poetry Review*, to be published monthly by the North Carolina Poetry Society, at Gastonia, made its bow in July. It is edited by Stewart Atkins, with Dom Placid as associate editor, and is \$1.00 a year. *Ad multos annos!* At II Barrow Street (that's down in Greenwich Village), New York, Lew Ney and Ruth Widen issued, on July 15th, the first number of *The Latin Quarter-ly*. A jolly oleo of verse, drama, book reviews, fiction, Village "atmosphere," all for a dollar a year . . . I haven't seen it, but I understand June saw the arrival of another verse quarterly, *Pollen*, edited by Walker Winslow and Lawrence Harper, address, 1046½ Ingraham St., Los Angeles . . . And at 66 Summer St., Buffalo, N. Y., Robert Erisman and Adele Japha are starting *Tone*, a verse magazine "born of dissatisfaction with anthologies." . . . Robert L. Dark, Jr., Box 343, Tyler, Texas, is editing a new bi-weekly section of poetry, mostly social vision work . . . C. B. McAllister, editor of *The Lantern* (Brooklyn, N.Y.), writes me her fall issue will be a New Jersey number. C. B. has been summering in France. All poetry editors, you know, are simply rolling in wealth . . . Oggie Nash appears



to be poet laureate of Al Smith's *New Outlook*.

Speaking of poets laureate, didja see the (I hope misquoted) statement by Mr. Masefield, seriously propounded? He sez all poets are bald after reaching forty annals, caused by severe strain on the brain cells in the search for English rhyme words. How many shining domes can you count among men and women poets past forty? . . . Sometime this summer Vanguard Press is publishing *Millionaire Playboy*, by Tom Boggs. Advance notices call it "the true story of how the penniless poet, Robert Clairmont, inherited a fortune from a comparative stranger, and the exciting times he had getting rid of it." Har! Har! I know both Tom and Bob; know, too, that the "million" was perhaps a tenth that sum, and that the "getting rid of it" was as much the "exciting times" of the writer of the book as it was of the written-up . . . Here's another dirty dig. In the revised and enlarged edition of their anthology *The New Poetry*, Harriet Monroe includes fourteen of her own poems and Alice Corbin Henderson includes sixteen of hers. In Mr. Mark Van Doren's *American Poets 1630-1930*, the compiler includes fourteen of his own poems. Modesty, no doubt, went out with the celebrated inversion and cliché.

July 24 to August 12 marks the fourth annual session of the Writers' Conference, held at the University of Colorado, Boulder. On the teaching staff are the poets Edward Davison and Margaret Widdemar. It is, I daresay, somewhat on the order of the well known Breadloaf conference held every summer in Vermont, where Joseph Auslander and Stephen Benét have been helpful to young poets . . . Tessa Sweazy Webb, who conducts the interesting *Voices and Echoes* column of verse reprints in the *Columbus (Ohio) Dispatch*, has been elected a member-at-large in the College Poetry Society, of which Robert Hillyer is president. The only other members-at-large are Prof. Earl Daniels of Colgate University, and your esteemed Dr. Melton, of Oglethorpe University . . . All Iowa Poetry Day was inaugurated this year, the celebration taking place at Des Moines on May 27th, when more than 200 poets and verse writers assembled for the tea, broadcasting and banquet. Poems were read on the air by, among others, Jay G. Sigmund, Anthony F. Klinkner, Edwin Ford Piper, Raymond Kresensky. Another Iowa poet, young Paul Engle, of Cedar Rapids, has won the Century of Progress prize for his poem in Miss Monroe's *Poetry*.

It's about time to publish again the yarn about Christopher Morley.

In one of his waggish moods, Kit copied all of Shakespeare's sonnets and sent 'em to a publisher as his own. They came back speedily, with the editor's comment that, though interesting, the sonnets were "not up to your usual high standard." . . . The Chinese method of rejection is safer. This, too, is reprinted ever so often, hence you may know it verbatim. "To Those Whose Divine Manuscripts We Have Rejected: We have read your manuscript with infinite delight. By the sacred ashes of our ancestors, we must swear that we have never read such a splendid piece of writing. But if we printed it, His Majesty the Emperor, our most high and mighty ruler, would order us to take this as a model, and never print anything inferior. And this would not be possible in less than a thousand years. We regret to return your divine manuscript, and ask one thousand pardons."

Free daily meals for destitute writers and artists are provided at a New York restaurant by a group of men who have banded together to raise the funds. The Pen and Mask Restaurant, 179 MacDougall St., is open to the destitute poets daily from 2 to 5, and no diner knows which of the patrons paid for his dinner that day, so that there may be no embarrassment to anybody—except, perhaps, to the philanthropist, if the bards are particularly hungry . . . That poets write the best extant prose, is again demonstrated in Hervey Allen's prodigious novel, *Anthony Adverse* (Farrar & Rinehart, \$3.00. And do not miss the first novel by a well-known Atlanta poet, Minnie Hite Moody's *Once Again in Chicago* (Alfred H. King) . . . Walter John Coates celebrates the completion of seven years of his magazine *Driftwood*, with the issuance of a well selected anthology, *Harvest*, reprints from the magazine (North Montpelier, Vt.).

Now, in closing, just a few facts stranger than fiction. The longest poem in the world, the Mahabharata, a Hindu epic of 100,000 verses, took 800 years to write. This ancient epic of India in the Sanskrit language, was first written about 600 B.C. as a popular poem about 2,800 verses, but it was later expanded to its present hundred thousand stanzas by Vaishnava priests who completed their work about 200 A.D. The poem is about eight times as long as the combined Iliad and Odyssey . . . Elbert Hubbard's *Philistine* was responsible for suggesting to ambitious youths the publication of little magazines. A score or more bounced into life during the mauve decade—who remembers *Moods*, *Chap Book*, *John-a-Dreams*? Like their descendants of today, each maglet lived at least an issue or two, and then passed into the Limbo of faded spirits . . .

After all these centuries, it has dawned upon the French that they have never found the grave of the poet Ronsard. So this summer they are excavating in the priory church at St. Cosmé, in Touraine, where tradition says Pierre was buried, and they are spending 92,000 francs to find him. That's more than they gave him during his lifetime.

## PASTURE ON PARNASSUS

SLIM SHEAF by Irvin Haas, a dainty little book of appealing verse, dedicated to the author's mother. "Book set and printed by the author for private distribution—one hundred copies."

MATA HARI, a Sonnet Sequence by James Neille Northe, editor of *Silhouettes*. These sonnets, of which the author may well be proud, are dedicated to the Count and Countess Hamon.

RECONSTRUCTION by Randall Swingler, printed by Basil Blackwell, Oxford, England. Sixteen pages of queer stuff honored with the name of "Poems."

WAYSIDE SONGS AND TWILIGHT MELODIES by Georgiana Keller, Economy Publishers, Tacoma, Washington, 55 cents. The author, the last surviving member of a once happy family, teaches in song what she has learned from suffering.

STILL WATERS by Margaret Nickerson Martin, (The Christopher Publishing House, Boston—\$1.25).

By frankly stating in her foreword that she is conscious of her limitations, the author undoubtedly gains a more sympathetic audience from her readers. While there is a lyrical quality in Mrs. Martin's work which shows promise, and a diversity of subject-matter which appeals, her treatment fails to lift the seventy-odd verses above the average.

WALK, GOD'S CHILLUN—by Lucille D. Goodlett (The Kaleidograph Press, Dallas, Texas—\$1.50).

Mrs. Goodlett's verses, some of which have been given musical settings by the author, have been broadcast and used on various programs. Her consistent use of authentic dialect throughout the collection of verses

is highly commendable, and this book will be welcomed by many who are in search of material for entertainment features. The dust-jacket design and frontispiece are the work of the author's son, George Goodlett, who is already attracting notice as an artist.

THE CRYSTAL MORTAR (The Kaleidograph Press, Dallas, Texas) by J. Horace Losh.

In "The Crystal Mortar," his first volume of verse, Mr. Losh achieves a happy combination of simplicity and beauty which is most refreshing and, although in some instances, the subject matter for some of his poems is garnered from topics which might be found difficult of poetic treatment, this author with his dexterous handling, produces songs whose notes are true and whose melody is wholly charming.

The innate lyrical quality of this slim and attractive little book may be seen from the following musical lines taken from a Chinese Song:

"The coral peach aflame with spring  
That blows beneath a cobalt sky,  
Will scent with fragrant loveliness  
The war torn streets of old Shanghai.

But April winds cannot recall  
The gallant souls who marched along,  
And lonely maids on Wang Fu Hill  
Have sung the willow breaking song."

—GRACE BUTLER

## Notes on Contributors

Cora Gould Smith, of New York, is the donor of the "Ernest Hartsock Memorial Prize" of \$25.00 for the best poem in each issue of this magazine. Mary Ward, of Alabama, winner of the "Ernest Hartsock Memorial Prize," with her "Fragment from a Sea Libretto," has just been awarded the "Century of Progress Lyric Prize" by the National League of American Pen Women. What is that about "To him that hath"? Helene Claiborne was first published in CONTEMPORARY VERSE, Edith Tatum is the author of PATTERN and a frequent contributor to Good Housekeeping and many other high-class magazines. Nathan Haskell Dole, as we all know, is one of America's most versatile poets. Zoe Kincaid Brockman is president of the North Carolina Poetry Society. Gee Kaye is the originator of the Hexadual. Ralph



Cheney is Lucia Trent's husband. Beulah Allyne Bell is chairman of the Poetry Division of the Manuscript Service Bureau of the National League of American Pen Women. Sara Virginia Buckley is the author of SHIPS SPRAY. Jessie Harrison Lane is a recent prize-winner in KALEIDOGRAPH and the Poetry Society of Colorado. Clarence Haynie, poet, artist, musician, business man. Shirley Dillon Waite and Sara Henderson Hay, two of the best known Alabama poets. William Allen Ward, of the big state of Texas, paints vivid pictures in a few lines. Gertie Stewart Phillips recently "made" Good Housekeeping and New York American. Myra Fenton's chief interests are gardens and girls. Robert L. Dark, student, organist, editor. Owen R. Washburn, if we remember correctly, was introduced to us by John Walter Coates, editor of DRIFTWIND. M. E. Counselman (Mary Elizabeth) has had many stories and poems published. Albert S. Davis, having finished at Bowdoin, takes up graduate work in Harvard. Willodine Crandford is specially interested Little Theatre work. Jessie Wilmore Murton, a Southern woman of whom Michigan is proud, was introduced to us, some three years ago, by Roselle Mercier Montgomery. Paul Stough is that young Alabamian we have been telling you to keep your eye on; or, if you prefer, on whom you are to keep your eye. Lillian M. Pierce and Grace Butler are members of the Atlanta Poetry Forum, a division of the Atlanta Writers Club. Two years ago Ella Warner Fisher, in her Vergennes, Vermont, home, entertained a stray mocking bird all winter. J Clyde Keegan is minister of the "Wesley Foundation," University of Colorado. Pauline Stevens is a familiar name to readers of this magazine. Julia Baggette, a native of Oklahoma, is a descendant, on her mother's side, of Redbird Sixkiller, a Cherokee Indian, who was born near Lookout Mountain, Tennessee, and remained there during his early boyhood, until the Cherokees were taken to the Indian Territory. Hazel McBride, winner of many prizes in high school and college, has been elected co-editor of The Pomona Women's Poetry Magazine, Pomona College, California. Lorna Lisa Klein has a penchant for the ancient Greeks—and she reads Matthew Arnold. Eunice Greager, to whom the verse field is comparatively new, is the author of books for children and young folk. Alma L. Gray, a member of the University of Akron Poetry Club, teaches creative writing at the Y. W. C. A.; and listen: since June 20, 1932, she has sold and collected for 37 poems. Who said depression? (I am reminded of the year I made over \$500 writing stories about poverty.) Emmet Baldwin is the man who said kind things



## BOZART AND CONTEMPORARY VERSE

to Edgar Palmer about BOZART—and Palmer believed him. Thank you, gentlemen. Claire Aven Thomson has recently appeared in many leading magazines and newspapers. Pearle Casey, Florence Bowen Hult, Marguerite Steffan, James W. Owen, Getchen Ruediger, Mary Walter Green, Emma Settles, Edwin Carlile Litsey, and J. Horace Losh (see review of his book in this issue), are old friends of my VERSE-CRAFT days. Madeleine Birch is a recent graduate from the Massachusetts School of Fine Arts and Crafts. Geoffrey Johnson, England, English and classics master in grammar school; author of two books of verse: *THE QUEST UNENDING* and *CHANGING HORIZONS*. Beulah May changed from sculpture to poetry and runs an orange ranch. Frances Warner Stoakley's poems, essays and stories have been widely published in England and America. Dorothy Calaway won the 1932 Texas prize of the Poetry Society of Texas, of which she is a member. Stella Roberts Baker was introduced to BOZART by our loyal friend, John Richard Moreland, widely known and appreciated poet and critic. Alice M. Dungan, Illinois business woman, finds time to write poems and stories. Dr. W. R. Van Buskirk is pastor of Tumble Avenue Presbyterian Church, Detroit. Bonaro Wilkinson Overstreet is a new contributor to BOZART, and one whom we cordially welcome.

### Special Notice to the Readers of Bozart and Contemporary Verse

Has your state a Poet Laureate? If so, will you please drop this editor a card giving his or her address? John S. McGroarty, newly elected Poet Laureate of California, wants this information—and so do I. In return for the information I will undertake to answer any question on poetry than you may care to ask. If this proposition should get me into trouble, I shall call on Laureate McGroarty for help. (After Rudyard Kipling had visited Mark Twain, the latter remarked to his wife, "Me and that man know everything; what I don't know he does.")



